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WHEN I WAS LITTLE

ETHEL M. KELLEY

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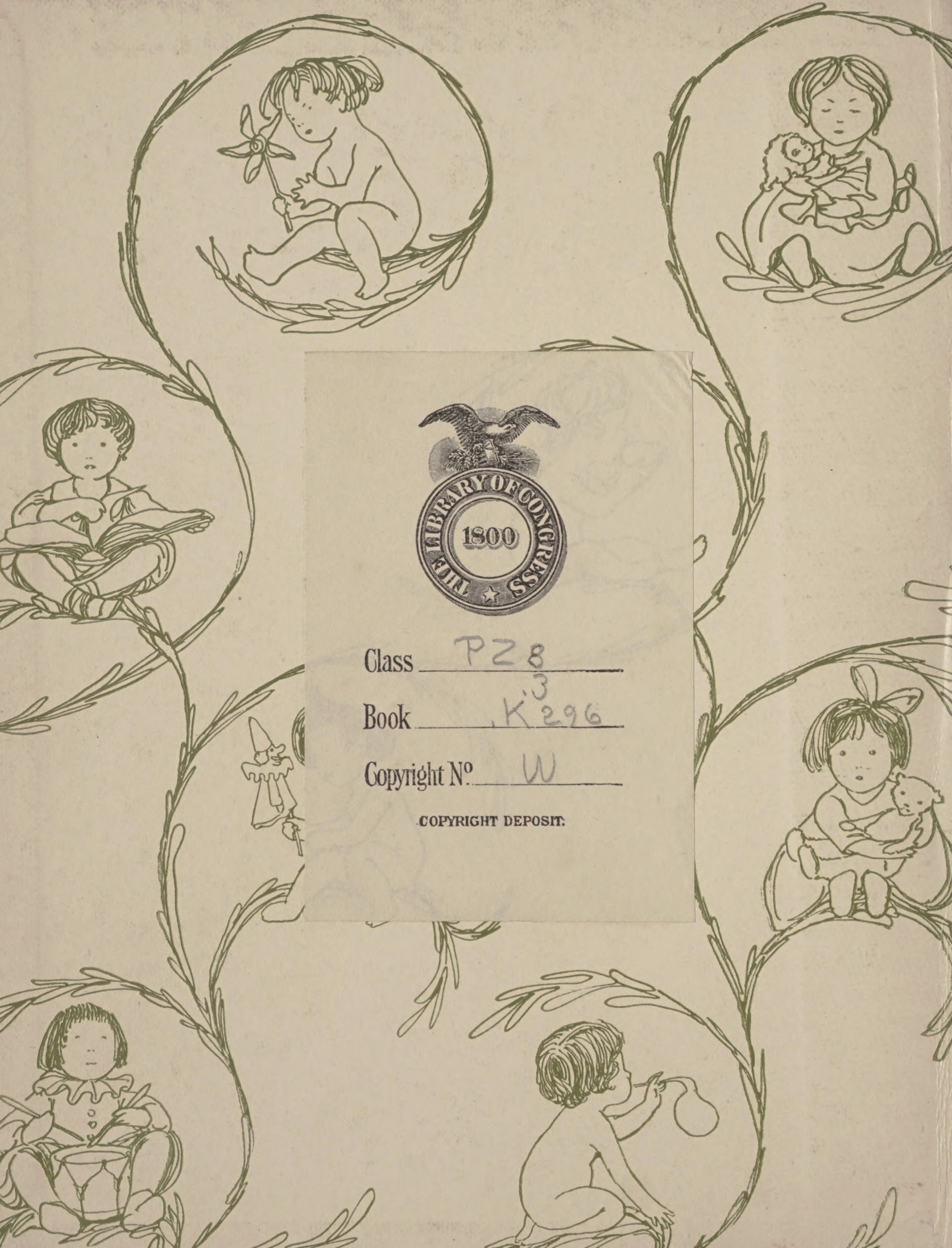
Pictures by MAUD HUNT SQUIRE



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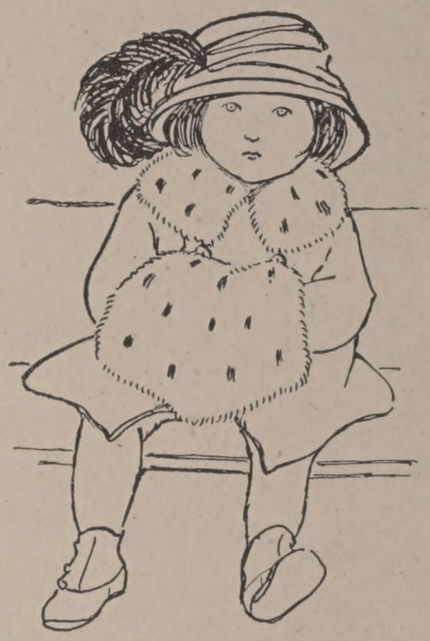
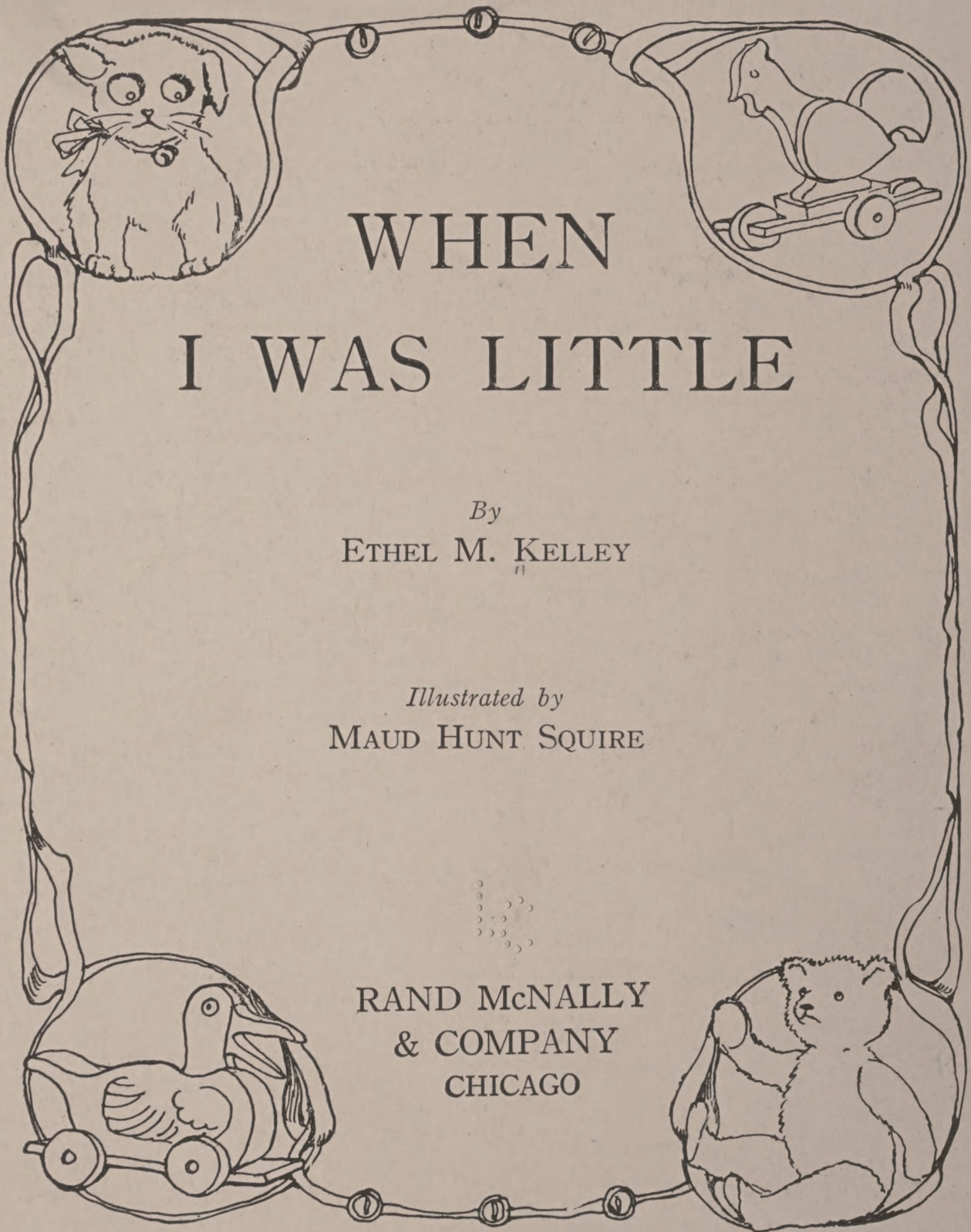


WAS LITTLE

If the san'man weady,
Why he does n't come?



WHEN I WAS LITTLE

By

ETHEL M. KELLEY

Illustrated by

MAUD HUNT SQUIRE

RAND McNALLY
& COMPANY
CHICAGO

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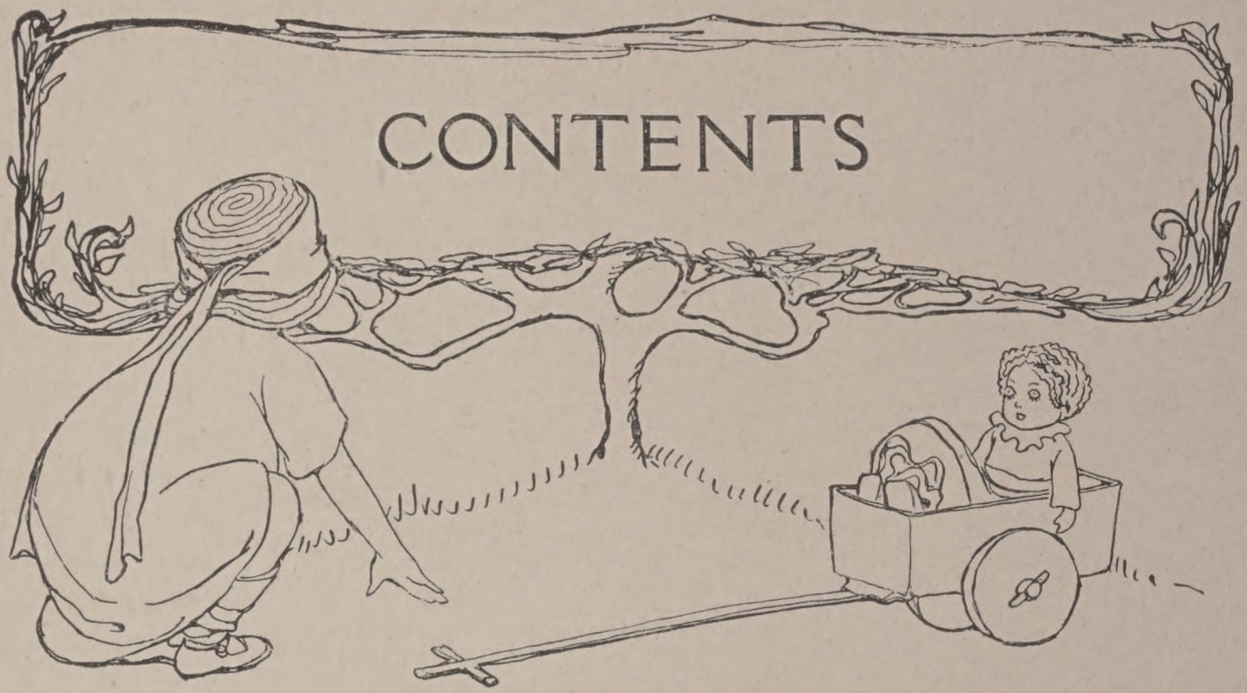
TO THEM



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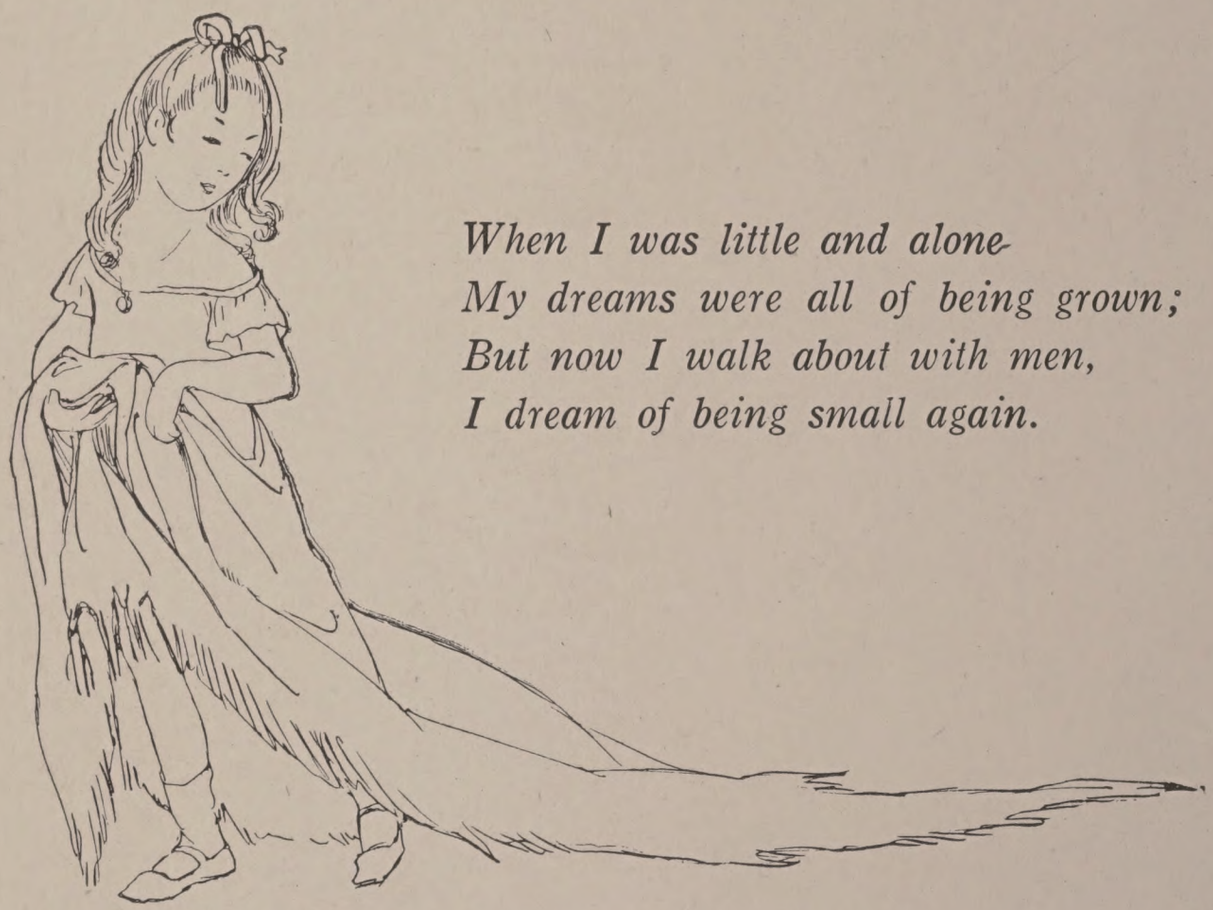


When I was little and alone
My dreams were all of being grown;
But now I walk about with men,
I dream of being small again.

Nobody thinks that I am sweet,
'Cause I 'm the middle girl

WHEN I WAS LITTLE

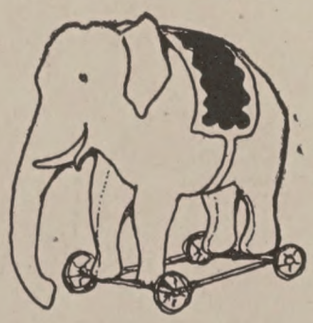
THE MIDDLE CHILD

Whenever there is company
  And mother sends for us
It's always 'bout the baby that
  They make the biggest fuss.
They say, "She's sweet as she can be!"
  "Her hair, just see it curl!"
They never say such things to me,
  'Cause I'm the middle girl.

And then they say to sister, "Why,
  Is this the oldest child?"
"She'll be a woman by and by!"
  And after they have smiled
And held her hand, they look at me.
  Mamma says, "She's begun
To lose her teeth," and then they laff—
  'Cause I'm the middle one.

Then baby speaks her little piece,
And sister's asked to sing,
But no one ever seems to guess
That *I* do anything.
Although my name is Marguerite,—
And Marguerite means "Pearl,"—
Nobody thinks that I am sweet,
'Cause I 'm the middle girl.

When I grow up and when I have
A family of my own,
I'll send up for the middle girl
To come downstairs alone;
And I shall let her speak and sing,
And have a lot of fun—
I'll not deny her anything,
'Cause she's the middle one.



MAKE B'LIEVE

Make b'lieve I was your dearest dear,
And came, and climbed into your lap;
Make b'lieve I was so "comfy" here
I did n't need to take my nap.

Make b'lieve you singed a little song
That told about the pretty sheep;
Make b'lieve it was n't very long
Before—your—baby—fell—asleep.

THE BABY

I use' to be the baby
'Fore th' other baby came;
I did n't know that maybe
I would have to change my name.
But now I'm only "Brother";
He's "Mother's-precious-pet."
(I guess she's *stayed* my mother,
But I have n't ast her yet.)

I thought when he was comin'
That I would n't mind at all;
I thought we'd set things hummin'
When he got through bein' small.
I thought before we knew it
We'd be chummy as could be;
But I ain't agoin' to do it,
'Cause he is n't nice to me.

I use' to be the baby
'Fore th' other baby came

I must n't even hold him
  Les' he drops on to the floor,
An' it does n't do to scold him—
  It just starts him on to roar.
I am goin' on to seven,
  And I go to bed alone;
But I wish *he'd* stayed in Heaven
  Till he got a little grown.

P'raps some day they'll get another.
  It would be a funny joke;
Then *he'd* have to be the brother
  An' be told *his* nose was broke.
It would start him yellin', maybe,
  But I'd tell him just the same
That he could n't be the baby
  When the other baby came.

IN THE PARK

Yes, sir, she's my little sister—
  Give the gentleman your hand;
Say, "I thank you kindly, mister."
  She's too small to understand—
If you get down in the dirt, you
  Won't be fit for anything;
No, the gentleman won't hurt you,
  An' he ain't a "naughty sing."

Yes, sir, keeps me pretty busy—
  Come, show sister what you've found.
Baby will get awful dizzy
  If she keeps on turning 'round.
Sister give the baby "biqquie"
  If she'll show us how to dance—
I'm afraid her hands are sticky
  That she's wipin' on your pants.

Yes, sir, I 'm the oldest daughter,
  An' I'm goin' on to ten—
Tell her that she had n't oughter
  Get your watchchain out again—

Must n't put your dirty paddy
On the gentleman's clean cuff.
No, you must n't call him "daddy"—
Ain't you been here long enough?

Yes, sir, guess we must be going—
Tell the gentleman good-by.
Now your petticoat is showing;
There's a winker in your eye—
Sorry that she tore your collar—
Sister take you in the car—
Now, I s'pose she 's bound to holler
Till I get her home to Mar.

Tell her that she had n't oughter
Get your watchchain out again

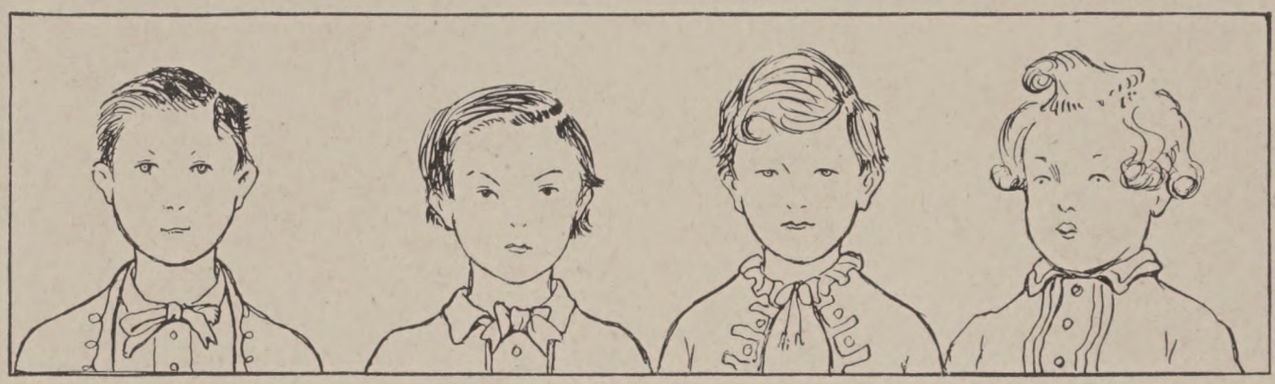
THE WUFFLED DWESS

I want my dwess with wuffles,
And I want my new straw hat,
And I have n't got the snuffles,
And I ain't a fussy-cat,
And I will not take my Teddy,
And I will not take my doll,
And no one can get me weady
To go anywhere at all.

And I won't be spick and spandy,
And I did not lose my cap,
And I want some chocolate candy,
And I shall not miss my nap,
And I will not wear my bonnet,
And I will not look at that,
And I ain't a sittin' on it,—
And I want my new straw hat!

And I will not stop my kickin',
And I ain't a little tike,
And I do not need a lickin',
And I don't do what I like,

And I won't be quiet, maybe,
And I ain't wore out, I guess,
And I ain't a naughty baby,—
But I want my wuffled dwess!



THE SUNDAY LITTLE BOYS

On Sunday morning there are rows,
  All up and down the street,
Of people in their Sunday clothes,
  So orderly and neat.
The world is very sweet and still,
  And no one makes a noise,
For Sam, and Joe, and Tom, and Will
  Are Sunday little boys.

Their hair is parted very straight,
  Their faces shiny clean!
They have a very steady gait—
  A very sober mien.
They hold their chins up stern and stiff,
  And think about their looks;

They hold their chins up stern and stiff,
And think about their looks

The Sunday boys all seem as if
They lived in story books.

Their hats are even on the head,
Their hands are by the side,
Their pockets spare and thin, instead
Of bulging full and wide.
There has been given every one
A hanky square and white,
To wipe his Sunday face upon,
When Sunday skies are bright.

They do not whistle, do not play,
They do not sing or shout,
But manfully upon their way
Go trudging, strong and stout.
Oh! All the world is still and sweet,
And no one makes a noise,
When all the boys upon the street
Are Sunday little boys.

HUSH-A-BY

Awfu' tired baby
  All alone in bed,
Muvver comin' maybe
  When I s'eep, she said.
Wis' I had my Teddy,
  Guess I suck my fum'—
If the san' man weady,
  Why he does n't come?

Light goes "twinkle, twinkle,"
  "Lord, my soul to take,"
Nightie in a w'inkle;
  All my piggies ache.
Now I los' my cover—
  Froat is gettin' dry,
Muvver, muvver, *muvver*,
  Put me hush-a-by!

A LITTLE GIRL THAT MOTHER KNOWS

A little girl that mother knows
  Went traveling abroad.
The people that she met were those
  Of speech and manner odd:

In Paris they were loveliest,
  And most polite in Spain;
But what that little girl liked best
  Was coming home again!

This little girl that mother knows
Went even to Japan,
Where all the ladies dressed in clothes
Like figures on a fan.

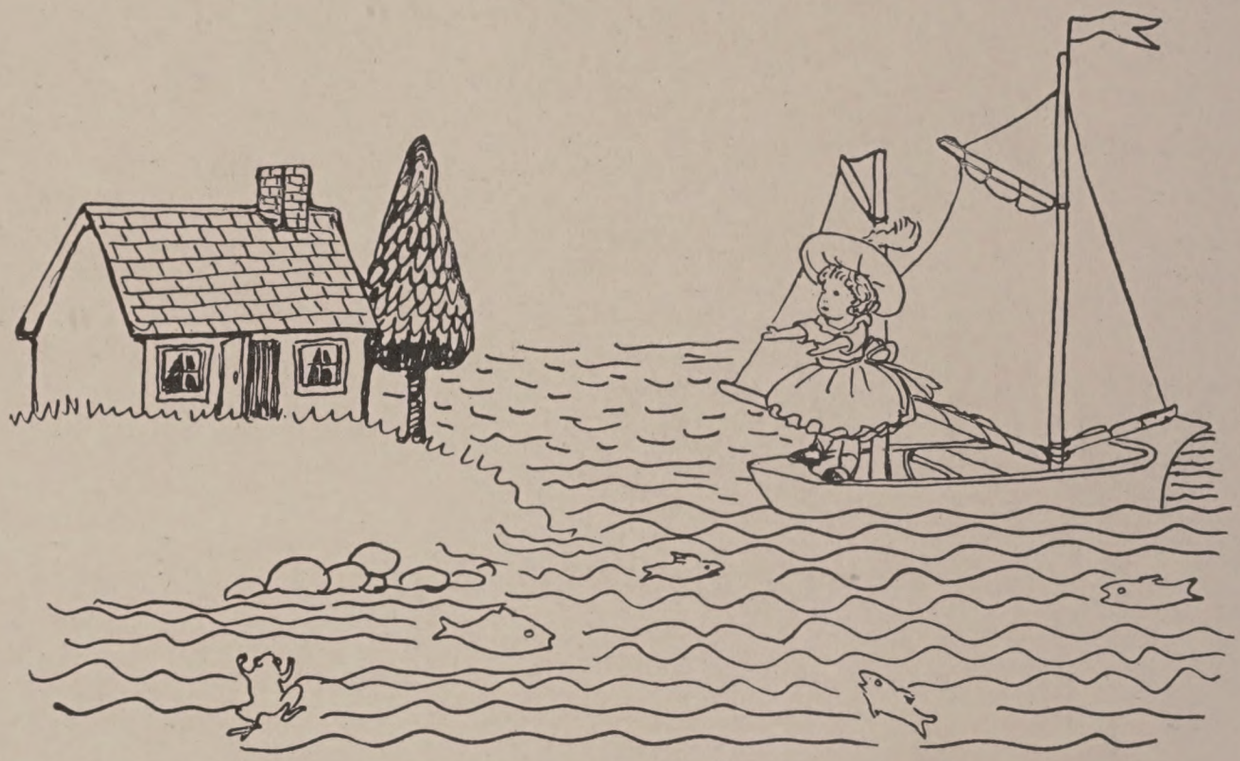
They fed her dainties one by one,
As if she were a doll;
And oh! that little girl had fun
Remembering it all.

The little girl that mother knows
Saw other girls and boys—

In Ireland, where the Shamrock grows;
In Deutschland, with the toys.

She saw them dance the Highland Fling;
She heard them sing in Rome.
The children more than anything
Reminded her of home.

The little girl that mother knows
Is very much like me,
For if I went abroad, I s'pose,
"Strange countries for to see,"



Though I might travel east and west,
Wherever I might roam
The thing that I should like the best
Would just be getting home!

DOLLY

I took my dolly out of bed
  And hung her on the window blind,
And left her there heels over head,—
  But Dolly—Dolly does n't mind.

I frowed my dolly on the ground
  And left her in the cold and wet,
And it was days she was n't found,—
  But Dolly—Dolly does n't fret.

I painted her all blue and black
  And cutted off her lovely hair,
And broke her up and down her back,—
  But Dolly—Dolly does n't care.

And everybody scolds at me,
  And says, "Poor Dolly! What a shame!"
But I don't care a bit, you see,—
  For Dolly—Dolly's just the same.

I cutted off her lovely hair,
But Dolly—Dolly does n't care

AT SCHOOL

I like to sit in school and look
  At all the girls I know,
When every head above a book
  Is bending very low.
They're all so much alike, you see,
  And yet so different, too,—
For some have eyes of brown, like me,
  And some have eyes of blue.

And some have shiny, flaxen hair,
And others brown or black;
Some wear it short, and others wear
Two pigtails down the back;
And some have bows of ribbon gay—
Hair parted on the side—
But every girl likes best the way
Some other's hair is tied.

I like to sit in school and look
At all the girls I know

When we're admiring Marguerite,
  Whose braids are long and fine,
She says she thinks that curls are sweet,
  Like Josephine's or mine.
But Josephine and I believe
  Straight hair is lovelier,
And look at Marguerite, and grieve
  We are not more like her.

Just think, if all the little girls
  Could, wishing, change their state,
Then all the pigtails would be curls,
  And all the curls be straight;
And I should look like Marguerite,
  And Marguerite like me;
And every day at school we'd meet—
  How funny it would be!

LOOK OUT

Look out! Look out! An engine train
  Is coming at you down the track!
And you would get an awful pain
  If it should hit you in the back.
An' ain't you scared as you can be?
  An' can't you hear it puff and smoke?
You did n't know 't was only me
  Jus' playing engine for a joke!

Look out! Look out! A great, big bear
  Is creeping from behind the door!
An' don't you feel an awful scare,
  Worse than you ever felt before?
An' don't you hear him growl, and see
  His 'normous shadow on the wall?
Ain't you surprised it's only me,
  And not a great, big bear at all?

Look out! Look out! A great, wild man
  Is going to cut you up in two,
And put you in a cooking pan,
  And make you in a 'licious stew!

He'll strike you in the heart, Oh! E-e-e-e!
My knife has got the sharpest blade.
Now let me whisper. It's jus' me!
You need n't really be afraid!

Look out! Look out! A hurricane
Is goin' to blow the roof right in!
An' can't you hear the wind and rain?
(I ought to pound upon some tin!)
There's goin' to be a storm at sea,
And after that the thunder'll come.
Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! It's only me
A-beating on my soldier drum!

It 's only me
A-beating on my soldier drum!

BABY KNOWS

Baby gettin' fretty;
  Muvver come an' spat!
Tried to put her pettie
  On the pussy-cat.

Baby pour the water
  Down the kitty's nose.
"Cruel little daughter."
    Baby knows.

Baby sayin' nuffin',
  Muvver come an' see—
Eatin' up the muffin
  Nursie had for tea.
Gettin' very crumby
  Over all her clo'es.
"*Make 'er tick a tummy.*"
    Baby knows.

Baby gettin' lon'ly;
  Muvver, come and take!
Very s'eepy—only
  Want to stay awake.
Cuddle up to muvver—
  "*Little precious rose,*
We des love an' love her."
    Baby knows.

BUSY-NESS

The world's a very busy place—
  Just look about, this minute,
And see all in a little space
  The busy things within it!
The kettle's busy with a tune,
  The fire is busy burning,
And cook is busy with the spoon
  That she keeps turning, turning.

Her shadow's busy on the wall,
  Her motions all repeating,
While she is busy making all
  The pleasant things for eating.
Soon appetites must busy be
  (Lest little folk grow thinner),
And soon our knives and forks you'll see
  All busy with our dinner.

The cook is busy with the spoon

EXPECTED

It may be a girl that's comin';
It may be a boy like me.
They oughter know,
But 't seems as though
They can't tell which 't will be.

There 's a lot o' nightgowns ready
That would n't fit the cat;
Such teeny clothes—
I would n't s'pose
'T would be as wee as that.

They say 't will be a young one,
But I guess I'll wait an' see;
If they dunno yet
What kind they'll get,
They dunno how old 't will be.

Our Farver in heavim 'll send it—
It seems to be kinder late;
Would n't I laugh
If 't was six an' a half,
Or maybe goin' on eight!

Would n't I teach it hooky,
An' mumbly-peg, an' craps!
They seem to think
'T will do nothin' but drink,
An' sit around in their laps.

If it really is a small one,
I'll show it around first-rate,
An' scare it some.
I wish 't would come!
Seem's if I could n't wait!

THE ARRIVAL

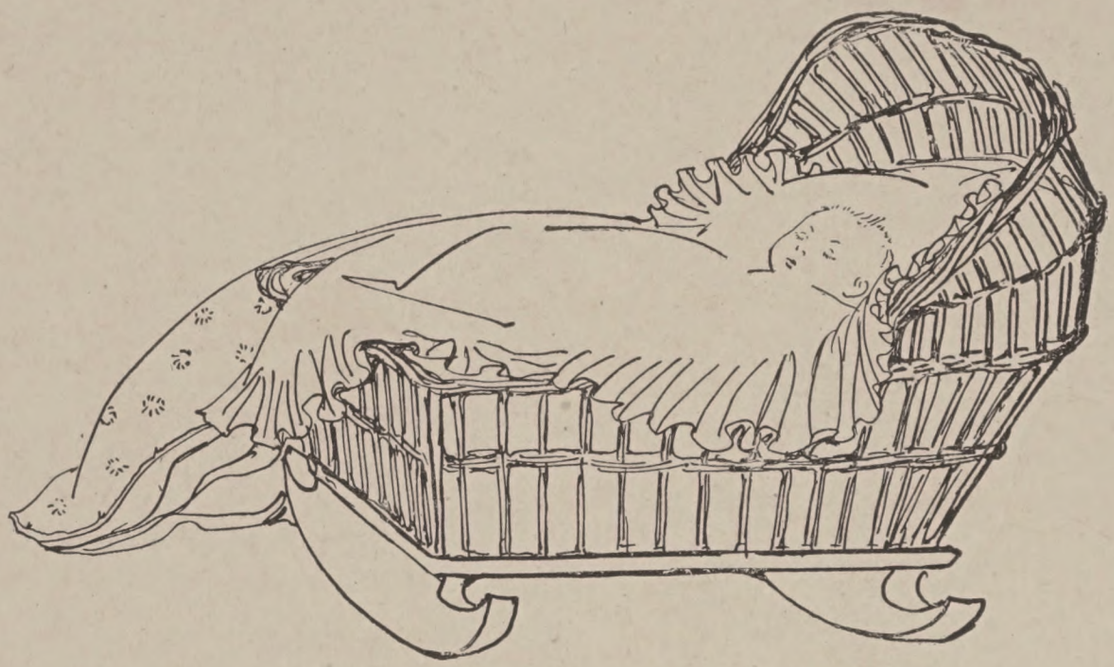
It's come! It's a little sister!
It don't look like one much;
It's awful red
An' stays in bed,
An' no one must n't touch.

It's wrinkleder than grandma.
I love to see it grin,
An' watch it wink.
I kinder think
It's going to lose its skin.

It's hungry when it hollers,
An' when it's pleased it chokes.
When you say "Boo!"
It scratches you,
W'ich quite dearlights the folks!

It's awful hard to hold it,
It wobbles so in front,
It is n't stiff.
I wonder if
It's real intelligunt!

It's come! It's a little sister!



They ask me how I like it,
'N I say it's "dretful cute."
They're all so glad!
They might feel bad
'F I said it did n't suit.

I thought 't would be so diff'rent,
Bein' sent down from above.
Who thought they'd bring
That sneezin' thing?
'T ain't big enough to love!

A POINT OF VIEW

It's sometimes tiresome, you see,
To be a little boy like me;
Because whate'er the grown-ups say,
There's nothing for it but obey.
Of course if I were grown up, too,
They could not tell me what to do;
They'd have to smile, and be polite,
And let me do what I thought right—
And yet the grown-ups are so strange,
I do not think I'd like to change.

They seem to have such funny minds!
What pleasure any person finds
In staying in the house all day,
I'd like to know! They *never play!*
Think of not having any toys,
And hating things that make a noise;
Of going into lovely shops
And never buying lollipops;
Of walking, when they ought to run,—
Of doing nothing that is fun!

They like, I have n't any doubt,
The stupid things they talk about.
I never knew them to discuss
A subject that would interest *us!*
There 's nothing really in their jokes
That would appeal to other folks.
And even when they sit and read,
Their books are very dull indeed.
No fairies in them, and no elves,
But only people like themselves.

And when I think that I might be
Like all the grown-ups that I see,
Forgetting all my lovely plays,
And getting settled in my ways,
I think it 's better to be small
And not to wish to grow at all;
And what the grown-ups think is fit,
To try to make the best of it,
And still rejoice, whate'er they do,
That children are not grown up, too!

I never knew them to discuss
A subject that would interest us!

I'VE GOT A DOG

I've got a dog. The other boys
Have quantities of tools and toys,
And heaps of things that I ain't seen.
(Ain't saw, I mean.)
They've oars and clubs and golfing sticks,—
I know a feller that has six,

And gee! you ought to see him drive!
But *I've*
Got a dog!

I've got a dog. His name is Pete.
The other children on our street
Have lots of things that I ain't got.
(I mean, *have not.*)
I know a boy that's got a gun.
I don't see why they have such fun
Playing with things that ain't alive:
But *I've*
Got a dog.

I've got a dog, and so, you see,
The boys all want to play with me:
They think he's such a cunnin' brute.
(I mean, *so cute.*)
That's why they leave their toys and games
And run to us, and shout our names,
Whenever me and Pete arrive:
For *I've*
Got a dog!

TIME

Time that I was up and out of bed,
  Time I was as busy as a bee,
Time I split the kindlin' in the shed—
  Always time for somethin',
    Seems to me!

Time I was at school an' in the line,
  Time I started home again at three,
Time I av'raged more than sixty-nine—
  Always time for somethin',
    Seems to me!

Time to go an errand to the store,
  Time to wash my face and hands for tea,
Time to change my trousers that I tore--
  Always time for somethin',
    Seems to me!

Time I got my lessons for the night,
  Time I held the skein on gran'ma's knee,
Time that I was taught to be polite,—
  Always time for somethin',
    Seems to me!

Time I held the skein on gran'ma's knee,
Always time for somethin'

WHY

Why, muvver, why
Did God pin the stars up so tight in the sky?
Why did the cow jump right over the moon?
An' why did the dish run away with the spoon—
'Cause did n't he like to see the cow fly?
Why, muvver, why?

Why, muvver, why
Can't little boys jump to the moon if they try?
An' why can't they swim just like fishes an' fings?
An' why does the live little birdies have wings,
An' live little boys have to wait till they die?
Why, muvver, why?

Why, muvver, why
Was all of vose blackbirds all baked in a pie?
Why could n't we have one if we should say, "Please"?
An' why does it worry when little boys tease?
An' why can't fings never be now—but—bime-by?
Why, muvver, why?

Why, muvver, why
Does little boys' froats always ache when they cry?
An' why does it stop when they're cuddled up close?
An' why does the sandman do days, do you s'pose?
An' why do you fink he'll be soon comin' by?
Why, muvver, why?

OUT TO TEA

They ask me if I like to play
  With other little boys,
An' if my mother does not say
  I make too big a noise;
An' if the baby's eyes are black;
  An' if she looks like me;
An' if somebody's comin' back
  To get me after tea.
    I dunno. I gesso.

They ask me if I like to read,
  An' shall they get a book—
One that is very nice indeed—
  Or would I d'ruther look
At photygraphs of diff'runt kinds
  Or things upon a shelf;
An' if my mother ever finds
  A minute to herself.
    I dunno. I gesso.

They ask me if I d'ruther sit
  On pillows in a chair;

They ask me if I 'd like to drink
Some lovely cambric tea

An' if they'd better go an' git
A bib for me to wear!
They ask me if I'd like to drink
Some lovely cambric tea;
If I like cakes, an' if I think
I should be eatin' three.
I dunno. I gesso.

They ask me if my mother likes
To have me go to school;
An' if the teachers ever strike
The scholars with a rule;
An' if my striped shirt is new;
An' am I nearly ten.
An' must I go, an' am I through,
An' will I come again.
I gesso. I dunno.

THE NUMBERS

I think that 1 is very nice,
  It stands so straight and tall;
2 is affected and precise—
  I don't like 2 at all!

3 is a pleasant number, though;
  And 4 is lots of fun—
Its shape is like a toy, you know;
  5 is a lovely one.

6 is n't anything but 9
  That's standing on its head;
And 7 drags below the line
  And won't go where it's led.

I think that 8 is very sweet,
  And comfortable, and kind.
And 9 is 6 upon its feet—
  A quiet one, I find!

I make them all upon my slate,
  But when I get to 10
He seems so very proud and great
  I rub him out again.

INDIFFERENCE

Susannah Jones, she says to me
That I'm as mean as I can be—
As if 't was stingy not to play
All Susan's games in Susan's way.
I like to play the way that's fair—
But *I* don't care.

If Susan knew that me and Frank
Had shook our pennies from the bank,
And each of us had seven cents,
She'd come on our side of the fence,
An' not be stayin' over there—
But *I* don't care.

I think it's rude to laugh like that,
An' call a person "sassy cat"
When they're just playing tether ball;
An' not to answer when they call,
An' not take notice of a "dare"—
But *I* don't care.

I don't care

If I was in the seventh grade
I'd be a lady when I played;
I would n't keep on gettin' mad,
An' try to make my friends feel bad,
An' stick my tongue at them, an' stare—
But *I* don't care.

ON BEING TEN

I'm very nearly grown, you see.
  Next birthday I'll be ten,
And I suppose that life will be
  Oh, very different, then!
Though being nine is very nice,
  And you do pleasant things,
I think at ten there will be twice
  As many happenings.

I think you give your toys away,
  You feel so nearly grown;

You're very quiet at your play,
  You go downtown alone.
There's lots of things you do, I s'pose
  That I don't even know—
Oh, dear, when anybody grows,
  It is so awful slow!

But would n't it be very strange,
  When I was truly ten,
If I should think I'd like to change
  To nine years old again?
Of course it always seems to me
  To be ten would be fine!
But do you think I'll ever be
  Just homesick to be nine?

I 'm very nearly grown, you see.
Next birthday I 'll be ten

A RESOLVE

I've got a older brother,
And another one that's new.
Got a father an' a mother,
And a cat and kittens, too.
An' I've got a' Uncle Hewitt,
An' I've got a Cousin Sam.
They don't know I'm goin' to do it,—
But I
am!

I'm goin' through the garden,
  An' I'm goin' out the gate;
An' I shan't beg no one's pardon,
  Or come back when it is late.
I'll take off my big lace collar,
  An' I'll paint some whiskers on,
An' I'll take my silver dollar,
    An' be
      gone!

I guess I'll be a cowboy,
Or a sailor, or a cop;
An' no one can tell me, "Now, boy,
It is time that you should stop!"
An' I'll earn a lot o' money,
And be famous where I go;
An' I guess they'll all feel funny
When they
know.

I don't mind when they "correct" me
For a lot of things I say,
For, of course, they can't expect me
To remember, every day.
I don't mind it when they scold me
'Cause I'm naughty or I'm "soiled"—
But they had n't oughter told me
I was
spoiled!

TO MOTHER:
OUT OF TOWN

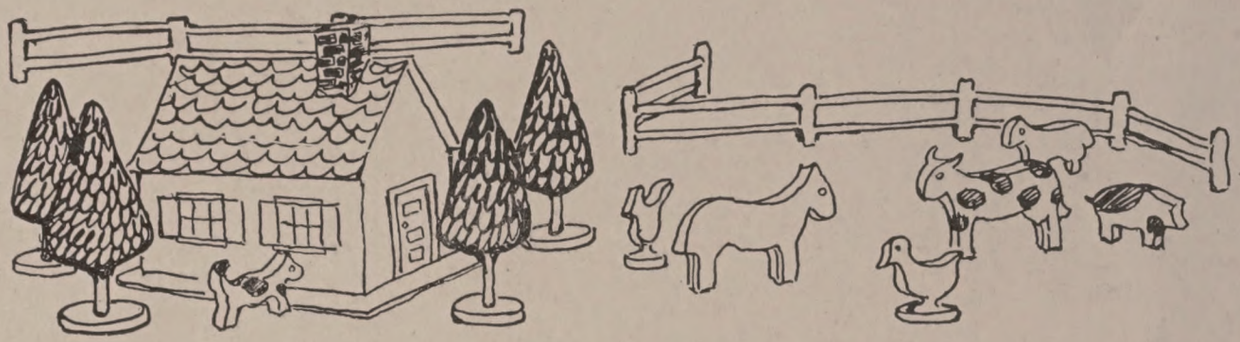
Dear Mother:
It makes me feel queerly
To write you this letter to-night,
When it seems, or it seems pretty nearly,
That you're somewhere around out of sight.
I can hardly believe you're not sitting
Upstairs (though I know you are not),
Just doing your mending or knitting.
I miss you a lot.

I wish I had some news to tell you.
I'm not doing much that is sport.
I'm getting my lessons so well you
Will smile when you see my report.
I've had a bad cold, but I'm better.
I was n't to tell—I forgot.
Please write me a very long letter.
I miss you a lot.

We're getting on nicely without you.
Do you think you are coming home soon?
Your friends all keep asking about you.
The cook burned the pudding at noon,
And Saturday night our dog Fido
Got pretty well beaten by Spot.
He mopes 'round the house just as I do—
I miss you a lot.

Last week Billie Evans's father
Came home, and he brought him a gun.
I think if 't was me I would rather
Have skates, for I think they're more fun.
The kisses will count up to thirty
If you reckon a kiss for each blot.
Heaps of love,
From your little son, Bertie.
P. S. I miss you a lot.

I help feed the pigs



A LETTER FROM THE FARM

Dear Mother: I got here on Monday.
I'm having a whole lot of fun.
I rode on the hay all of one day;
I freckled all up in the sun.
There's cows and there's bees making honey,
And a calf that is awfully queer.
I help feed the pigs — they're so funny!
I wish you was here.

My appetite's "truly alarming,"
So grandmamma says. I eat some!
I help them a lot with the farming—
I guess it is lucky I come.
I get in the eggs, and I'm learning
To milk — I can milk, pretty near,
And morning I help with the churning—
I wish you was here.

Please send me my two baseball mittens,
Please send me my drum, don't forget!
The cat has five beautiful kittens,
They have n't their eyes open yet.
The weather is perfectly splendid,
The skies are so blue and so clear.
I tore my best pants, but they're mended—
I wish you was here.

I work with the man that is hired,
I go with him round everywhere;
At night I'm so dreadfully tired
I most fall asleep in my chair.
Except that I get awful dirty
I try to be good, mother dear.
Love to all,
From your little son, Bertie—
P. S. I wish you was here.

FROM AUNTIE'S

Dear Father and Sisters and Mother
(Especially mother): It's night.
S'cuse pen, I can't ask for another;
It would n't be hardly polite.
I got here at noon, and they met me—
Aunt Fannie and Teddy and Will—
It took all the family to get me.
There's so much to tell!

For dinner we had roasted chicken
And all the ice cream we could eat,
And a cake with the plums very thick in
For me, a surprise and a treat.
I wish that you all might have shared it—
Especially mother— 'T was fine;
I'd have begged her a piece, had I dared it,
Or sent to her mine.

We think we'll go skating to-morrow;
Don't worry, it's not deep at all.
Ted knows some good skates I can borrow—
I left mine at home in the hall.

We had all the ice cream we could eat

This house is so big and so pretty
I wish you were here, every one
(Especially mother). A city
To live in is fun.

I shall sleep in the blue room by Teddy
Alone, but I guess I shan't care;
Aunt Fanny says, "Bedtime, be ready."
I'll ask her to stay for my prayer.
Much love, and for all of you, kisses
(Especially mother).

From Bert.

P. S. Excuse inkyness—this is
A pen that *will* squirt!

A BOY'S LETTER

Dear Aunty: I'm writing for mother
  Because she's so busy to-day.
She's sewing on buttons for brother
  And making an apron for May.
We're all in the nursery together;
  I wish you were here with us, too.
We're having a lot of good weather,
  And school is 'most through.

Mamma says to tell you she may go
  To visit Aunt May. She can't tell—
The cook is in bed with lumbago,
  And Annie can't cook very well.
I'm raising some chickens and rabbits,
  I think they are cunning, don't you?
I'll have time to study their habits,
  For school is 'most through.

I'm taking great care with their "menu";
  I think that I'll have some to sell.
It's been a long time since I've seen you.
  I hope that you all are quite well.

We're all in the nursery together

Tell Teddy the boys on our ball team
  Are starting to make up a crew—
We're beginning to practice the fall team,
  Now school is 'most through.

I guess I will close. I've a blister
  Right under the joint of my thumb.
Mamma sends her love—so does sister.
  "Tell aunty to hurry and come."
With love, from your nephew.
  Tell Teddy to write when he's nothing to do.
I'm planning to *play* pretty steady
  When school is all through.

SOLILOQUY

"Now I lay me down to sleep"—
Don't want to sleep; I want to think.
I did n't mean to spill that ink;
I only meant to softly creep
Under the desk an' be a bear—
'T ain't 'bout the spanking that I care.

'F she'd only let me 'splain, an' tell
Just how it was an accident,
An' that I never truly meant,
An' never saw it till it fell.

I feel a whole lot worse'n her;
I'm sorry, an' I said I were.

I s'pose if I'd just cried a lot,
An' choked all up like sister does,
An' acted sadder than I wuz,
An' sobbed about the "naughty spot,"
She'd said, "He shan't be whipped, he shan't"
An' kissed me—but, somehow, I can't.

But I don't think it's fair a bit
That when she talks an' talks at you,
An' you wait patient till she's through,
An' start to tell your side of it,
She says, "Now, that'll do, my son;
I've heard enough," 'fore you've begun!

" 'F I should die before I wake"—
Maybe I ain't got any soul;
Maybe there's only just a hole
Where 't ought to be—there's such an ache
Down there somewhere! She seemed to think
That I just loved to spill that ink!

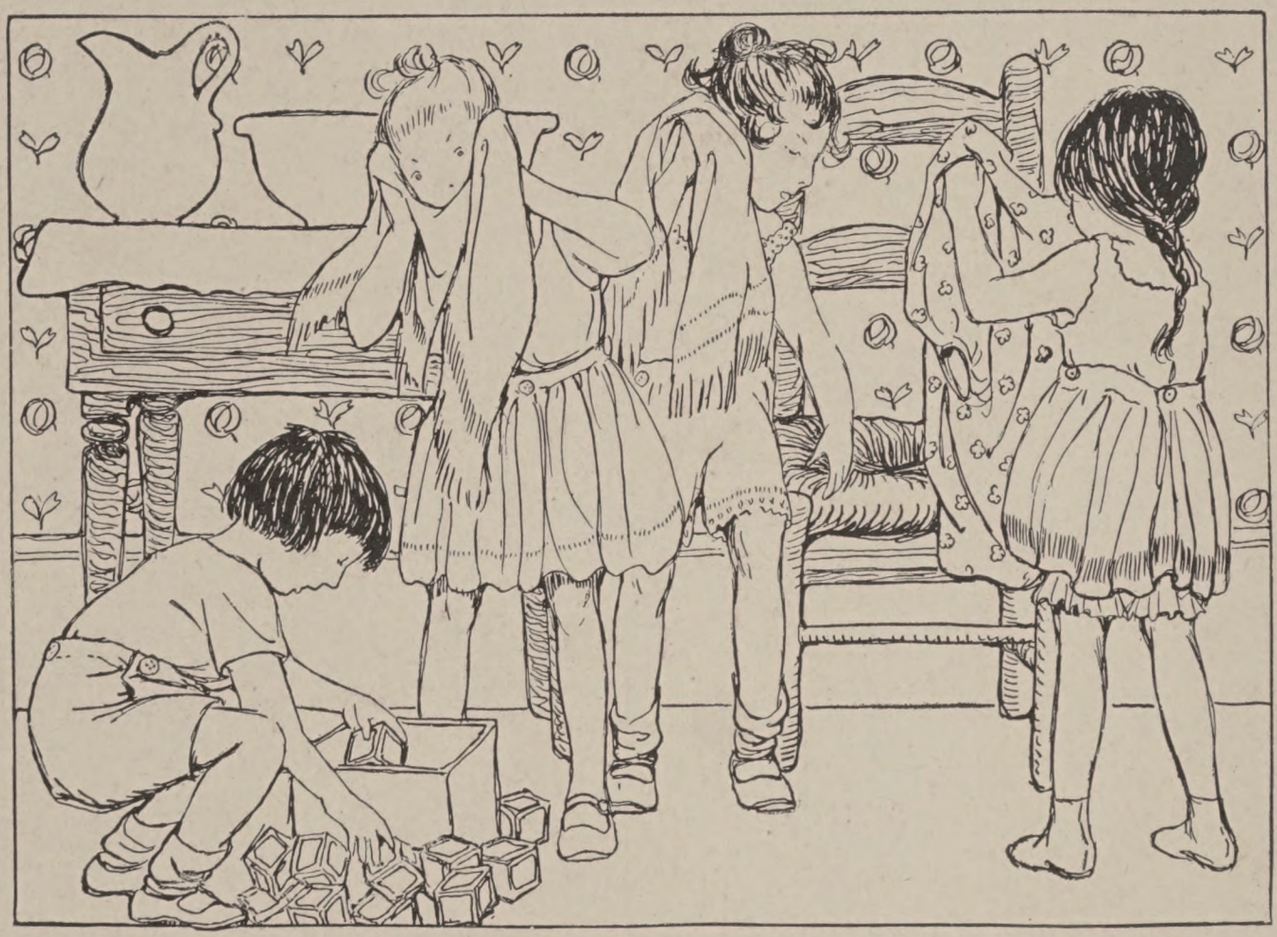
WHEN

When you are little and I am big
  I'll never work when you want to play,
  I'll never say, "Darling, run away,
Go out in the nice white sand and dig,"—
When you are little and I am big!

When you are little and I am big
  I'll give you chocolate for your tea,
  And sugar and marmalade—oh, you'll see!
And peppe'mint and caramel and fig,—
When you are little and I am big!

When you are little and I am big
I'll never undress you till you're *through*,
  And always I'll go to bed with you,
And cuddle you "comfy," and play pig,—
When you are little and I am big!

When you are little and I am big
I 'll never work when you want to play



BEDTIME

When they have put away their toys,
And washed their face and ears,
Then all the little girls and boys—
With neither sobs nor tears—
Shake out their garments one by one,
And place them on a chair,
That they may waken with the sun
And haply find them there.

They take the nightie from the
nail,
The slippers from the shelf,
(How sad, if any child should fail
To put them there himself!),
And thus, with neither haste nor
noise,
When all their prayers are said,
Do all the little girls and boys
Go pleasantly to bed.

WHO

Whose hair is all curly, an' eyes deepes' blue?
Who wakes up too early, 'fore night time is fru'?
Who dresses her pillow all up in her clothes,
An' plays wif her piggies when nobody knows?
An' who's des' as quiet as quiet can be?
Mother says—ME.

Who writes wif a pencil all over the book?
An' who gets the ink when nobody does look?
An' who gets her fingies all blacker than black?
An' who gets 'em spatted when mother comes back?
An' who's des' as sorry as sorry can be?
Mother says—ME.

Who goes down to dinner on Sundays at two
All dressed in w'ite frillies, an' tied up in blue?
An' who waits for father to cut up her meat,
When she is so hungry, an' nuffin' to eat?
An' who's des' as patient as patient can be?
Mother says—ME.

All dressed in w'ite frillies, an' tied up in blue

Who gets in her nightie and says all her prayers,
An' then who comes stealin' an' creepin' down-
stairs?
Who cuddles up "comfy," an' teases to stay?
An' who is so spoiled 'at she won't go away
When she's des' as sleepy as sleepy can be?
Mother says—ME.

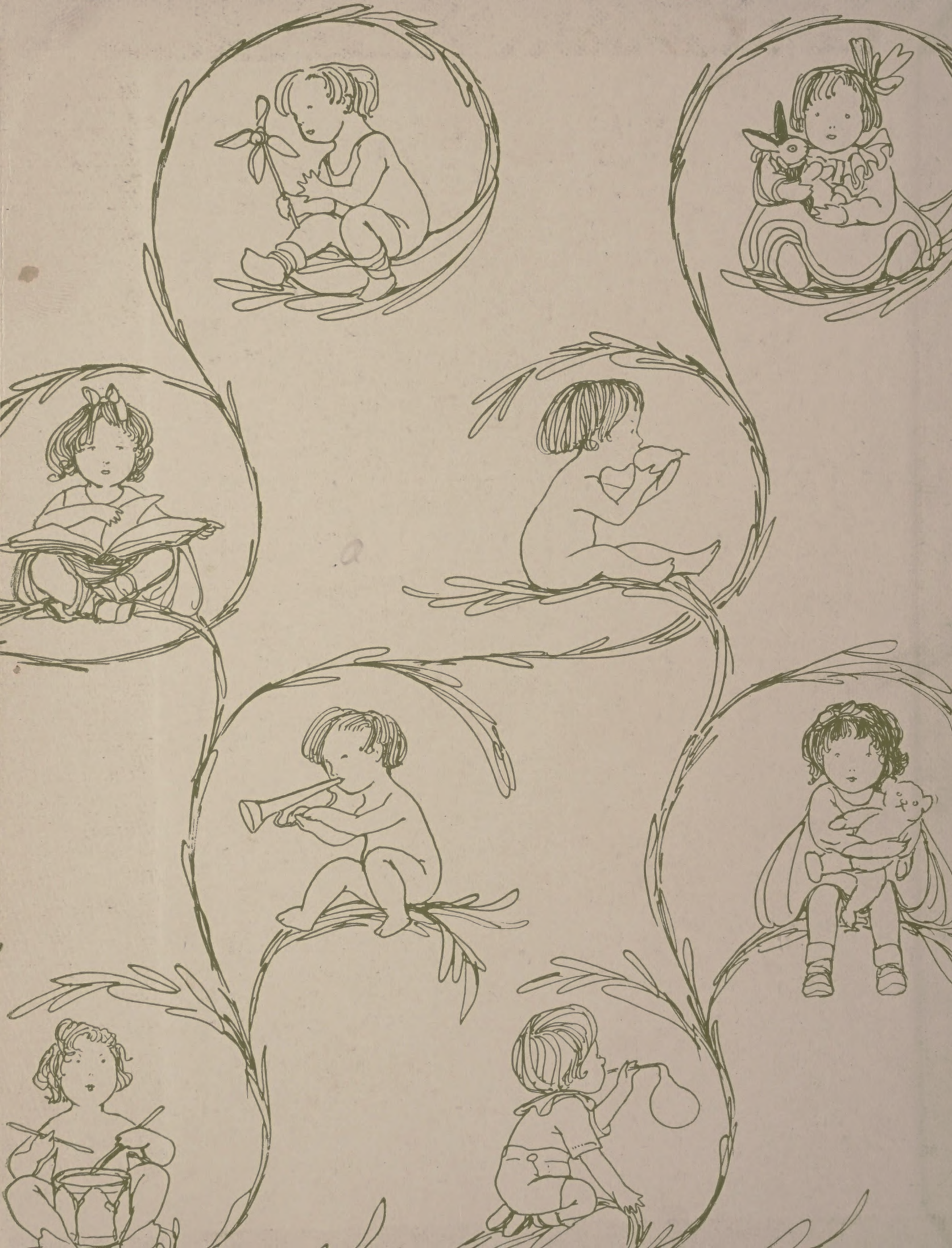
THE TELEPHONE

Whenever *mother* telephones
  She talks about a lot of things,
So father only sits and groans
  Whenever anybody rings.
"The season's earlier this year."
  "I have n't got my new straw hat."
"I can't, because my child is here."
  "What *did* her husband say to that?"

And *father* only says, "Hello!"
And takes the 'phone up in his hand.
"Is that you, Hawkins? This is Snow."
"I wired Chicago. Understand?"
"I think our man intends to fight,
But we can best him if we try."
"You'd better do so, then, to-night."
"See you to-morrow. Well, good-by."

And *sister* says, "Oh, is that you?"
And then she fixes up her hair,
'S if anybody could see *through*.
"Oh! I don't know. Oh! I don't care."
"I think I can, if you insist."
"And was n't yesterday a *dream?*"
"There's seven on the waiting list."
"I do *love* strawberry ice cream!"

But what *I* do is just to say
To Annabel, or Lucy White,
"Can you come over here, and play?"
And then they answer me, "All right!"
I hope when I am *really* grown—
I'm only seven and a half—
I'll get *my* friends upon the 'phone,
And talk and talk, and laugh and laugh.



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